

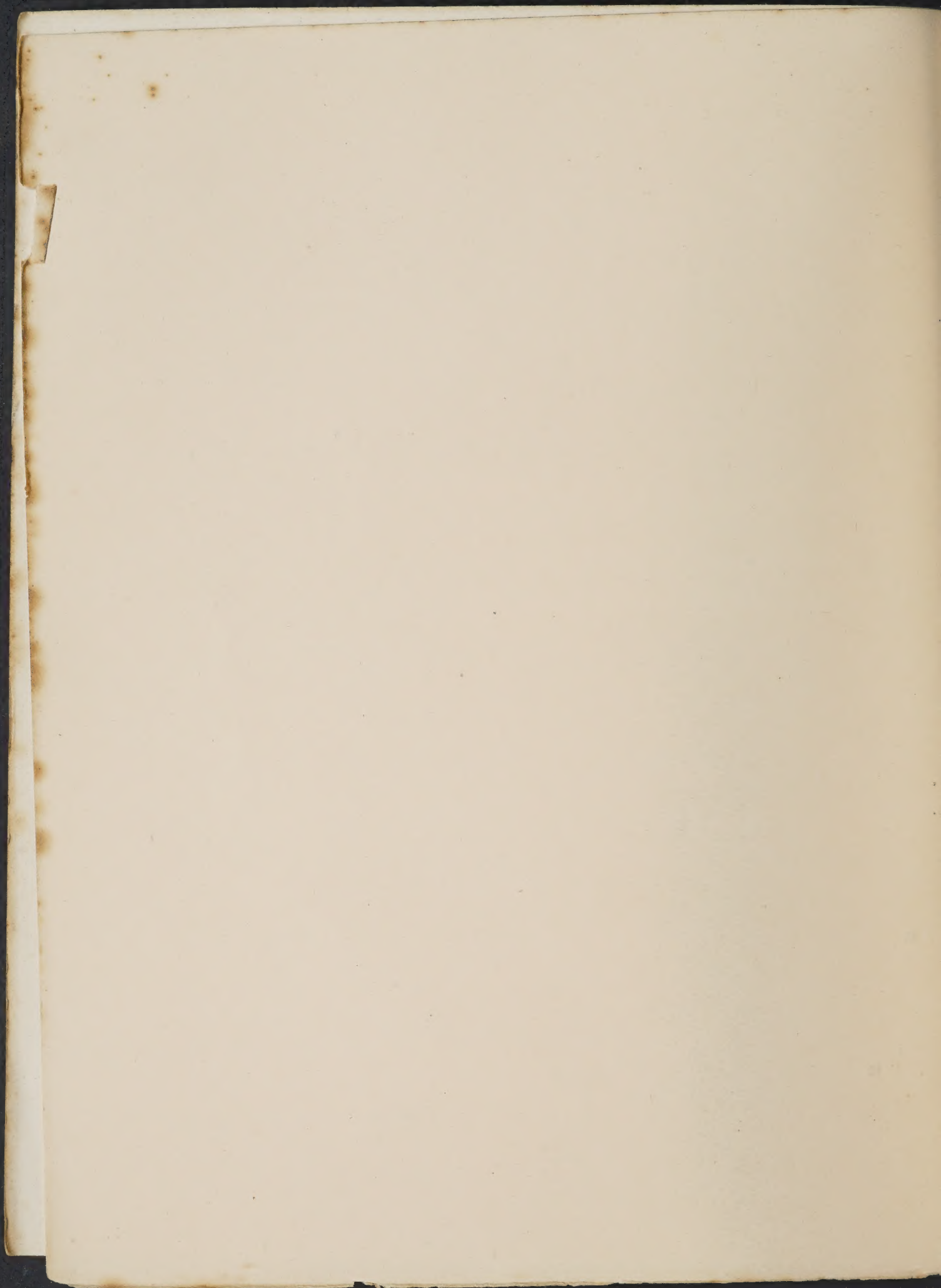
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Old
English Literature.

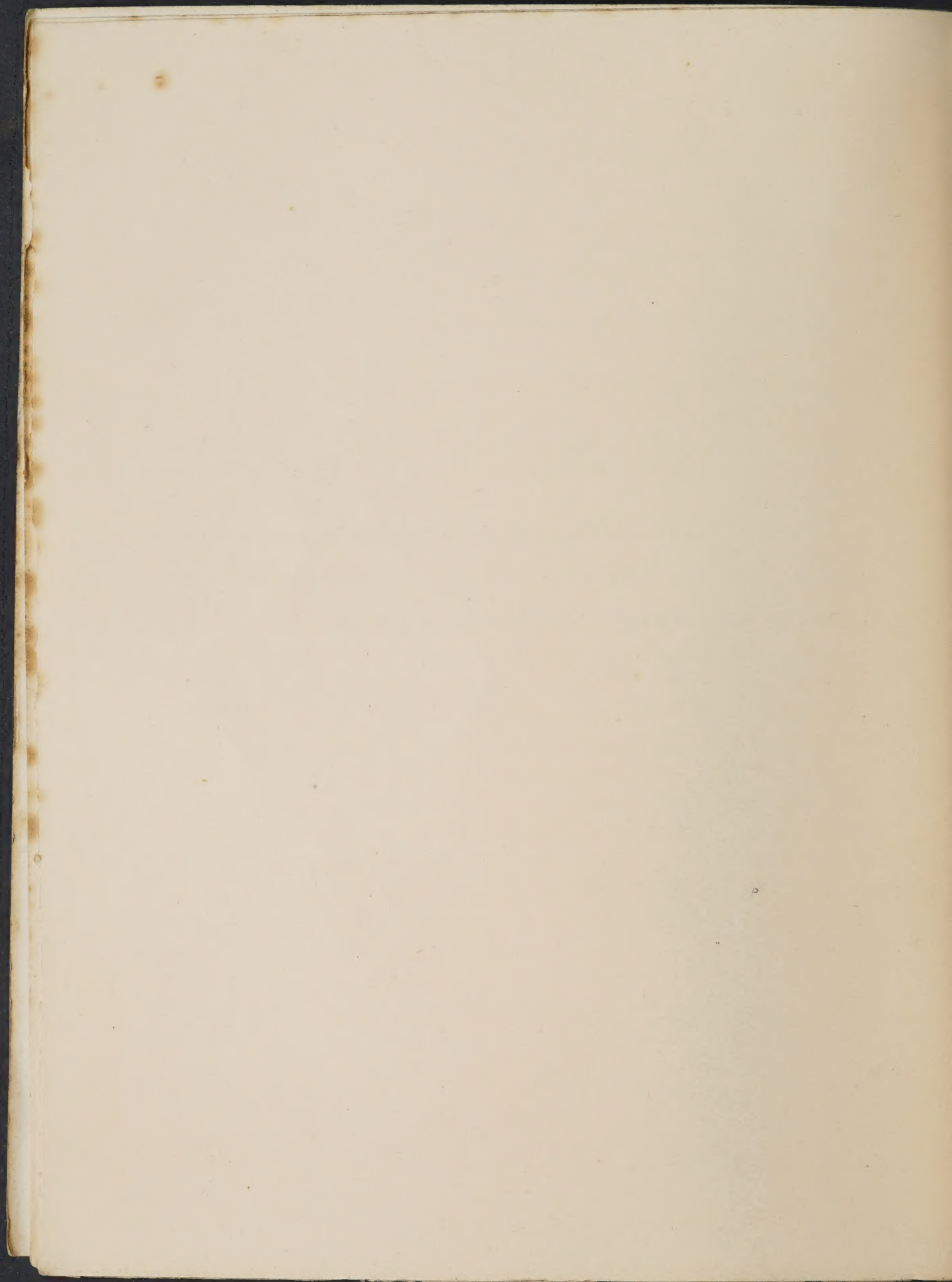
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Chapman & Co.



Illness has unavoidably delayed the transmission of these two reprints. The cost of the seven productions has been *Two Shillings* beyond the sum entrusted to the Editor six months ago.



INTRODUCTION.

WHAT follows is the production to which we alluded when we, very recently, reprinted Richard Barnfield's "Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money" from the edition of 1605. From that edition certain poems were excluded, that had been inserted in the earlier edition of 1598, and two of them, in 1599, were assigned to Shakespeare in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

"The Encomion of Lady Pecunia" (subsequently called "Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money") was printed, as our readers will see, for John Jaggard in 1598: "The Passionate Pilgrim" was printed for W. Jaggard in 1599. We may conclude that the Jaggards were related, perhaps brothers, or more probably father and son, and both booksellers, or, as they were then usually called, "stationers." John Jaggard, prior to 1598, had obtained a manuscript by Richard Barnfield, a popular poet, which was hardly of sufficient length for a separate publication, under the taking title of "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia." He wished it to extend to eight sheets 4to., or sixty-four pages; and for this purpose he spread it over as wide a surface of paper as he could, giving, for the sake of extension, no fewer than four separate title-pages; but still, when he arrived at his last sheet, he found that the "copy" he had remaining would only make about six, instead of eight, pages. What course does he then seem to have taken? He learned that his relative in the same trade, W. Jaggard, was about to bring out some miscellaneous pieces by another poet,

Shakespeare; and in order to complete his own undertaking, which was in a more forward state than "The Passionate Pilgrim," he adopted (with or without leave) from "The Passionate Pilgrim" two poems, which would appropriately fill his two deficient pages in "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia."

Such is our notion of the matter, strongly confirmed by the fact, that when Barnfield reprinted his "Encomion" in 1605, and added new matter to it, he rejected (besides others) the two poems which he knew were not his own, and which he also knew belonged to the great poet whom, both in 1598 and 1605, he justly extolled.

The poems in question will be recognised at once on p. 44 and p. 45 of our reprint; and in order that our readers may see the exact form in which they originally appeared, (a year before they were inserted in "The Passionate Pilgrim") we have given them precisely as they stand in "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia:" we have not even corrected the corrupt punctuation as regards them, though elsewhere we have not avoided that part of what we consider the duty of an editor.

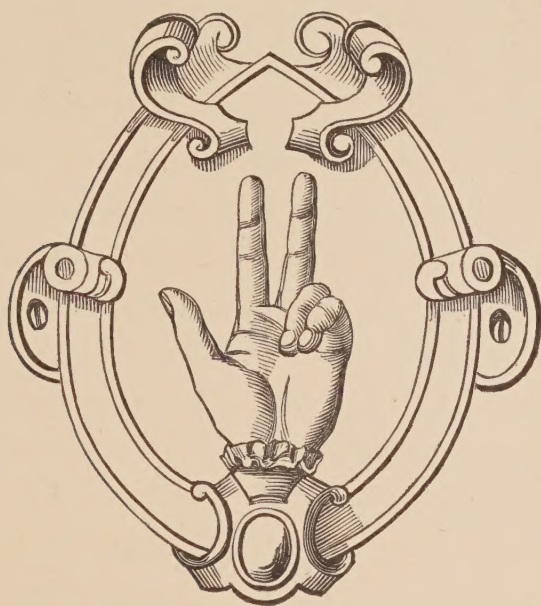
In our "Introduction" to "Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money," 1605, by a *lapsus pennæ* (for we cannot lay the fault upon our excellent printer) we attributed the publication of "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia," 1598, to W. Jaggard instead of John Jaggard. There was also an Isaac Jaggard in business at about the same date, and his name is at the bottom of the title-page of the folio, 1623, of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies."

J. P. C.

The
Encomion of Lady Pecunia,
OR
THE PRAISE OF MONEY.

——— *quærenda pecunia primum est,
Virtus post nummos.* HORACE.

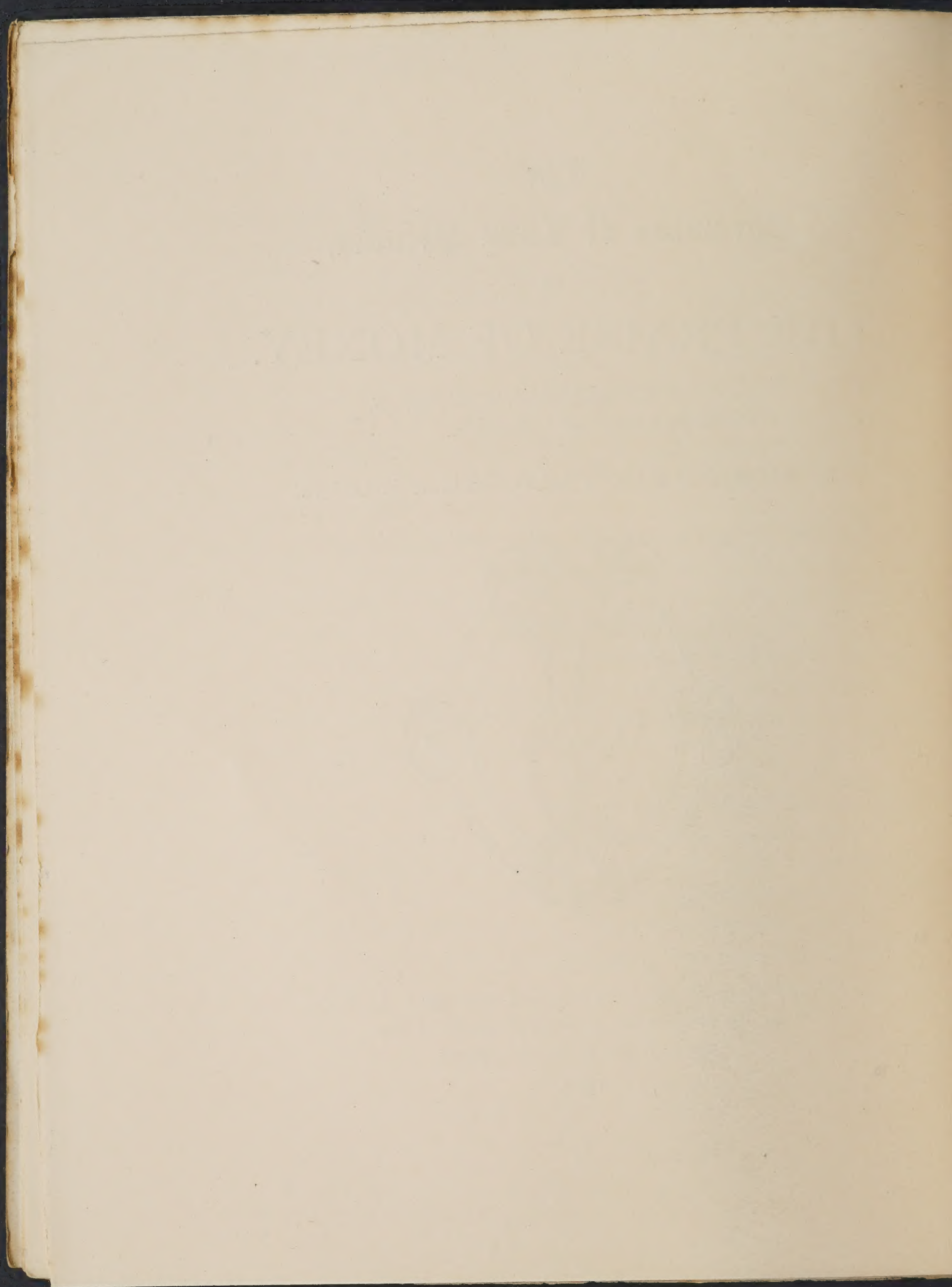
By RICHARD BARNFEILD, Graduate in Oxford.



L O N D O N,

Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be folde
at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.



TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

GENTLEMEN, being encouraged through your gentle acceptance of my *Cynthia*, I have once more adventured on your *Curtesies*, hoping to finde you (as I have done hertofore) friendly. Being determind to write of something, and yet not resolved of anything, I considered with my selfe, if one should write of Love (they will say) why, every one writes of Love: if of Vertue, why, who regards Vertue? To be short, I could thinke of nothing, but either it was common, or not at all in request. At length, I bethought my selfe of a subject, both new (as having never beene written upon before) and pleasing (as I thought), because Man's Nature (commonly) loves to heare that praised, with whose preffence hee is most pleased.

Erasmus (the glory of Netherland, and the refiner of the Latin Tongue) wrote a whole Booke in the prayse of Folly. Then, if so excellent a Scholler writ in praise of Vanity, why may not I write in praise of that which is profitable? There are no two Countreys where Gold is esteemed les than in India, and more then in England: the reason is, because the Indians are barbarous, and our Nation civill.

I have given *Pecunia* the title of a Woman, both for the

termination of the word, and because (as Women are) shee is lov'd of men. The bravest Voyages in the World have beene made for Gold: for it Man have venter'd (by Sea) to the furthest parts of the Earth; in the pursute wherof England's Nestor and Neptune (Haukins and Drake) lost their lives. Upon the Deathes of the which two, of the first I writ this:—

The waters were his winding sheete, the sea was made his Toombe,
Yet for his Fame the Ocean Sea was not sufficient roome.

Of the latter this:—

England his hart, his corps the Waters have,
And that which raifd his Fame became his grave.

The Prætorians (after the death of Pertinax) in the election of a new Emperour, more esteemed the money of Julianus, then either the vertue of Severus, or the valour of Pessenius. Then, of what great estimation and account this Lady Pecunia both hath beene in the Worlde, and is at this present, I leave to your judgement. But what speake I so much of her praise in my Epistle, that have commended her so at large in my Booke? To the reading wherof (Gentlemen) I referre you.

THE PRAYSE OF LADY PECUNIA.

I SING not of Angellica the faire,
(For whom the Palladine of Fraunce fell mad)
Nor of sweet Rosamond, olde Cliffords heire,
Whose death did make the second Henry sad)
But of the fairest faire, Pecunia,
The famous Queene of rich America.

Goddesse of Golde, great Empresse of the Earth,
O thou that canst doo all thinges under Heaven ;
That doost convert the saddest minde to mirth,
(Of whom the elder Age was quite bereaven)
Of thee Ile sing, and in thy prayse Ile write.
You, *golden Angels*, helpe me to indite !

You, you alone can make my Muse to speake,
And tell a golden tale with silver tongue :
You onely can my pleasing silence breake,
And adde some musique to a merry songue :
But amongst all the five in musicks art,
I would not sing the *Counter-tenor* part.

The meane is best, and that I meane to keepe ;
So shall I keepe my selfe from that I meane ;
Left with some others I be forc'd to weepe,

And cry *Peccavi* in a dolefull scæne.
 But to the matter which I have in hand,
 The Lady Regent both of sea and land.

When Saturn liv'd and wore the kingly crowne,
 (And Jove was yet unborne; but not unbred)
 This Ladies fame was then of no renowne
 (For golde was then no more esteem'd then lead),
 Then truth and honesty were onely us'd,
 Silver and golde were utterly refus'd.

But when the Worlde grew wiser in conceit,
 And saw how men in manners did decline,
 How Charitie began to loose her heate,
 And one did at anothers good repine,
 Then did the aged first of all respect her,
 And vowd from thencefoorth never to reject her.

Thus with the Worlde her beauty did increase,
 And manie futers had she to obtaine her:
 Some fought her in the wars, and some in peace,
 But few of youthfull age could ever gaine her:
 Or if they did, she soone was gone againe,
 And would with them but little while remaine.

For why, against the nature of her sexe
 (That commonlie dispise the feeble olde)
 Shee loves olde men, but young men shee rejects,
 Because to her their love is quicklie colde.
 Olde men (like husbands jealous of their wives)
 Lock her up fast, and keepe her as their lives.

The young man, carelesse to maintaine his life,
Neglects her love (as though he did abhor her)
Like one that hardly doeth obtaine a wife,
And when he hath her once, he cares not for her :
 Shee, seeing that the young man doeth despyse her,
 Leaves the franke hart, and flies unto the Myfer.

Hee intertaines her with a joyfull hart,
And seemes to rue her undeserved wrong ;
And from his preffence she shall never part,
Or if shee doo, he thinks her absence long :
 And oftentimes he sends for her againe,
 Whose life without her cannot long remaine.

And when he hath her in his owne possession,
He locks her in an iron-barred chest ;
And doubting somewhat of the like transgression,
He holds that iron-walled prison best ;
 And least some *rusty* sicknesse should infect her,
 He often visits her, and doeth respect her.

As for the young man (subject unto sinne)
No marvell though the Divell doe distresse him ;
To tempt mans frailtie which doth never linne)
Who many times hath not a *Crosse* to blesse him :
 But how can hee incurre the Heavens curse,
 That hath so many *Crosses* in his purse ?

Hee needes not feare those wicked sprights that waulke
Under the coverture of cole-blacke Night,
For why, the Divell still a *Crosse* doeth baulke,

Becaufe on it was hangd the Lorde of Light :
 But let not myfers trust to *silver Croffes*,
 Leaſt in the end their gaines be turnd to loſſes.

But what care they, ſo they may hoorde up golde,
 Either for God or Divell, or Heaven or Hell,
 So they may faire Pecuniaes face behold,
 And every day their mounts of money tell ?
 What tho to count their coyne they never blin,
 Count they their coyne, and counts not God their ſin ?

But what talke I of ſin to Ufurers,
 Or looke for mendement at a Myfers hand ?
 Pecunia hath ſo many followers,
 Bootleſſe it is her power to with-ſtand.
 King Covetiſe and Warineſſe his wife
 The parents were that firſt did give her life.

But now unto her Praise I will proceede,
 Which is as ample as the worlde is wide.
 What great contentment doth her preſſence breede
 In him that can his wealth with wyſdome guide !
 She is the Soveraigne Queene of all delights ;
 For her the lawyer pleades, the fouldier fights.

For her the merchant venters on the ſeas,
 For her the ſcholler ſtuddies at his booke ;
 For her the uſurer (with greater eaſe)
 For ſillie fiſhes layes a ſilver hooke :
 For her the townsman leaves the countrey village ;
 For her the plowman gives himſelfe to tillage.

For her the gentleman doeth raise his rents ;
For her the servingman attends his maister :
For her the curious head new toys invents ;
For her to fores the furgeon layes his plaister.

In fine, for her each man in his vocation
Applies himselfe in everie sev'rall nation.

What can thy hart desire, but thou mayst have it,
If thou hast readie money to disburse ?

Then, thanke thy fortune that so freely gave it,
For of all friends the surest is thy purse.

Friends may prove false, and leave thee in thy need,
But still thy purse will bee thy friend indeed.

Admit thou come into a place unknowne,
And no man knowes of whence or what thou art,
If once thy faire Pecunia thee be showne,
Thou art esteem'd a man of great desert,
And placed at the tables upper ende,
Not for thine owne sake, but thy faithfull frende.

But if you want your Ladies lovely grace,
And have not wherewithall to pay your shot,
Your hostis presently will step in place ;
You are a stranger (sir), I know you not :
By trusting divers I am run in det,
Therefore of mee nor meate nor bed you get.

O, who can then expresse the worthie praise
Which faire Pecunia justly doeth deserve !
That can the meanest man to honor raise,

And feed the foule that ready is to starve ?
 Affection, which was wont to bee so pure,
 Against a golden siege may not endure.

Witnesse the trade of mercenary sinne
 (Or Occupation if you list to tearme it),
 Where faire Pecunia must the suite beginne
 (As common-tride experience doeth confirme it).
 Not Mercury himselfe with silver tongue
 Can so inchaunt as can a golden fongue.

When nothing could subdue the Phrygian Troy,
 (That citty through the world so much renowned)
 Pecunia did her utterly destroy,
 And left her fame in darke Oblivion drowned :
 And many citties since, no lesse in fame,
 For love of her have yeelded to their shame.

What thing is, then, so well belov'd as money ?
 It is a speciall comfort to the minde ;
 More faire then women are, more sweet then honey,
 Easie to loose, but verry harde to finde.
 In fine, to him whose purse beginns to faint,
 Gold is a God, and silver is a Saint.

The tyme was once when Honestie was counted
 A demy god, and so esteemed of all ;
 But now Pecunia on his seate is mounted,
 Since Honestie in great disgrace did fall.
 No state, no calling now doeth him esteeme,
 Nor of the other ill doeth any deeme.

The reason is, because he is so poore,
(And who respects the poore and needie creature ?)
Still begging of his almes from doore to doore,
All ragd and torne, and eeke deformd in feature :
 In countenance so changde that none can know him,
 So weake that every vice doeth overthrow him.

But fair Pecunia (most divinely bred)
For sundrie shapes doth Proteus felse furpasse :
In one lande she is futed all in lead,
And in another she is clad in brasse ;
 But still within the coast of Albion,
 She ever puts her best apparell on.

Silver and Golde and nothing else is currant
In England's, in faire England's happy land,
And baser fortes of mettals have no warrant,
Yet secretly they *slip* from hand to hand.
 If any such be tooke, the same is lost,
 And presently is nayled on a post.

Which with Quick-silver being flourisht over,
Seemes to be perfect Silver to the showe,
As Woemen's paintings their defects doe cover,
Under this false attyre so do they goe.
 If on a woollen cloth thou rub the same,
 Then will it straight beginne to blush for shame.

If chafed on thy haire till it be hot,
If it good Silver bee, the scent is sweete :
If counterfeit, thy chafing hath begot

A ranke-smelt favour, for a Queene unmeete :
 Pecunia is a Queene for her defarts,
 And in the decke may goe for *Queene of harts*.

The Queene of harts because she rules all harts,
 And hath all harts obedient to her will ;
 Whose bounty fame unto the worlde imparts,
 And with her glory all the worlde doeth fill.
The Queene of Diamonds she cannot be ;
 There is but one : Eliza, thou art shee !

And thou art shee, O sacred Sovereigne !
 Whom God hath helpt with his Al-mighty hand,
 Blessing thy people with thy peacefull raigne,
 And made this little land a happy land.
 May all those live that wish long life to thee,
 And all the rest perish eternally !

The tyme was once when faire Pecunia here
 Did basely goe attyred all in leather ;
 But since her raigne she never did appeare
 But richly clad, in Golde or Silver either :
 Nor reason is it that her golden raigne
 With baser coyne eclypsed should remaine.

And as the coyne she hath repurifyde
 From baser substance to the purest mettels,
 Religion so hath shee refinde beside
 From Papistrie to Truth, which daily settles
 Within her peoples' harts ; though some there bee
 That cleave unto their wonted Papistrie.

No flocke of sheepe but some are still infected,
No peece of lawne so pure but hath some fret :
All buildings are not strong that are erected,
All plants prove not that in good ground are fet :
 Some tares are sowne amongst the choicest seed ;
 No garden can be cleansd of every weede.

But now to her whose praise is here pretended,
(Divine Pecunia) fairer than the morne ;
Which cannot be sufficiently commended,
Whose sun-bright beauty doeth the worlde adorne ;
 Adorns the world, but specially the purse,
 Without whose preffence nothing can be worse.

Not faire Hæfione (King Priams sifter)
Did ever shewe more beauty in her face
Than can this lovely lady, if it list her
To shewe her selfe, admir'd for comely grace ;
 Which neither Age can weare, nor Tyme conclude,
 For why, her beauty yeerely is renude.

New coyne is coynd each yeare within the Tower,
So that her beauty never can decay,
Which to resist no mortal man hath power,
When as she doeth her glorious beames display :
 Nor doeth Pecunia onely please the eie,
 But charms the eare with heavenly harmonie.

Lyke to an other Orpheus can she play
Upon her *treble Harpe*, whose silver sound
Inchaunts the eare and steales the hart away :

Nor hardly can deceit therein be found,
 Although such Musique some a shilling cost,
 Yet is it worth but *Nine-pence* at the most.

Had I the sweet inchaunting tongue of Tully,
 That charm'd the hearers lyke the Syren's song;
 Yet could not I describe the prayfes fully
 Which to Pecunia justly doe belong.
 Let it suffice, her beauty doeth excell,
 Whose praise no pen can paint, no tongue can tell.

Then, how shall I describe with artlesse pen
 The praise of her whose praise all praise surmounteth,
 Breeding amazement in the mindes of men,
 Of whom this preffent age so much accounteth?
 Varietie of words would sooner want,
 Then store of plentious matter would be scant.

Whether yee list to looke into the Citty,
 (Where money tempts the poore beholder's eye,)
 Or to the Countrey Townes, devoyde of pitty
 (Where to the poore each place doeth almes denye)
 All things for money now are bought and folde,
 That either hart can thinke, or eie beholde.

Nay more, for money (as report doeth tell)
 Thou mayst obtaine a pardon for thy finnes:
 The Pope of Rome for money will it sell,
 (Whereby thy soule no small salvation winnes).
 But how can hee (of pride the chiefe beginner)
 Forgive thy finnes that is himselfe a finner?

Then, fith the Pope is fubject unto finne,
No marvell tho divine Pecunia tempt him
With her faire beauty ; whose good-will to winne
Each one contends, and fhall we then exempt him ?
Did never mortall man yet looke upon her,
But ftraightwaies he became enamourd on her.

Yet would I wifh the wight that loves her fo,
And hath obtain'd the like good-will againe,
To ufe her wifely, left ſhe prove his foe,
And fo, in ſtead of pleaſure, breed his paine.
She may be kyft, but ſhee muſt not be *clypt*,
Left ſuch delight in bitter gall be dypt.

The juice of grapes, which is a foveraigne thing
To cheere the hart and to revive the ſpirits,
Being uſde immoderaty (in furfetting)
Rather diſpraiſe then commendation merits :
Even Pecunia is as ſhee is uſed ;
Good of her ſelfe, but bad if once abuſed.

With her the tenant payes his landlords rent ;
On her depends the ſtay of every ſtate :
To her rich preſſents every day are ſent ;
In her it reſts to end all dire debate :
Through her to wealth is rais'd the country Boore ;
From her proceedes much proffit to the poore.

Then, how can I ſufficiently commend
Her beauties worth, which makes the world to wonder ?
Or end her prayſe whose prayſes have no end,

Whose absence brings the stoutest stomach under?
Let it suffice, Pecunia hath no peere,
No wight, no beauty, held more faire more deere!

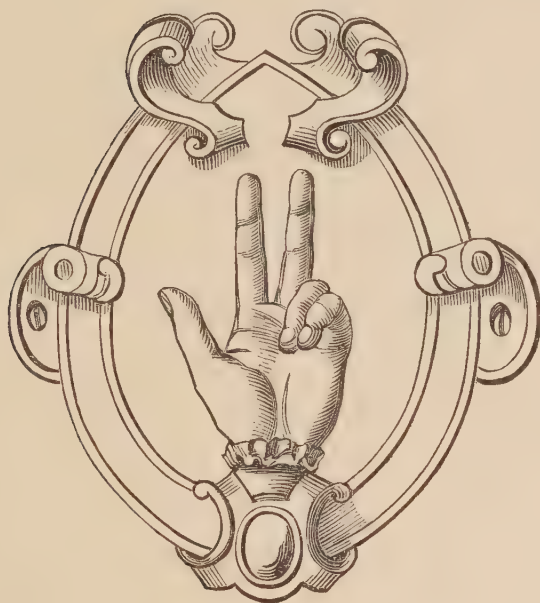
FINIS.

HIS PRAYER TO PECUNIA.

GREAT Lady, sith I have compylde thy Prayse,
(According to my skill) and not thy merit,
And fought thy Fame above the starrs to rayse,
(Had I sweete Ovids vaine, or Virgils spirit)
I crave no more but this for my good-will,
That in my want thou wilt supplye me still.

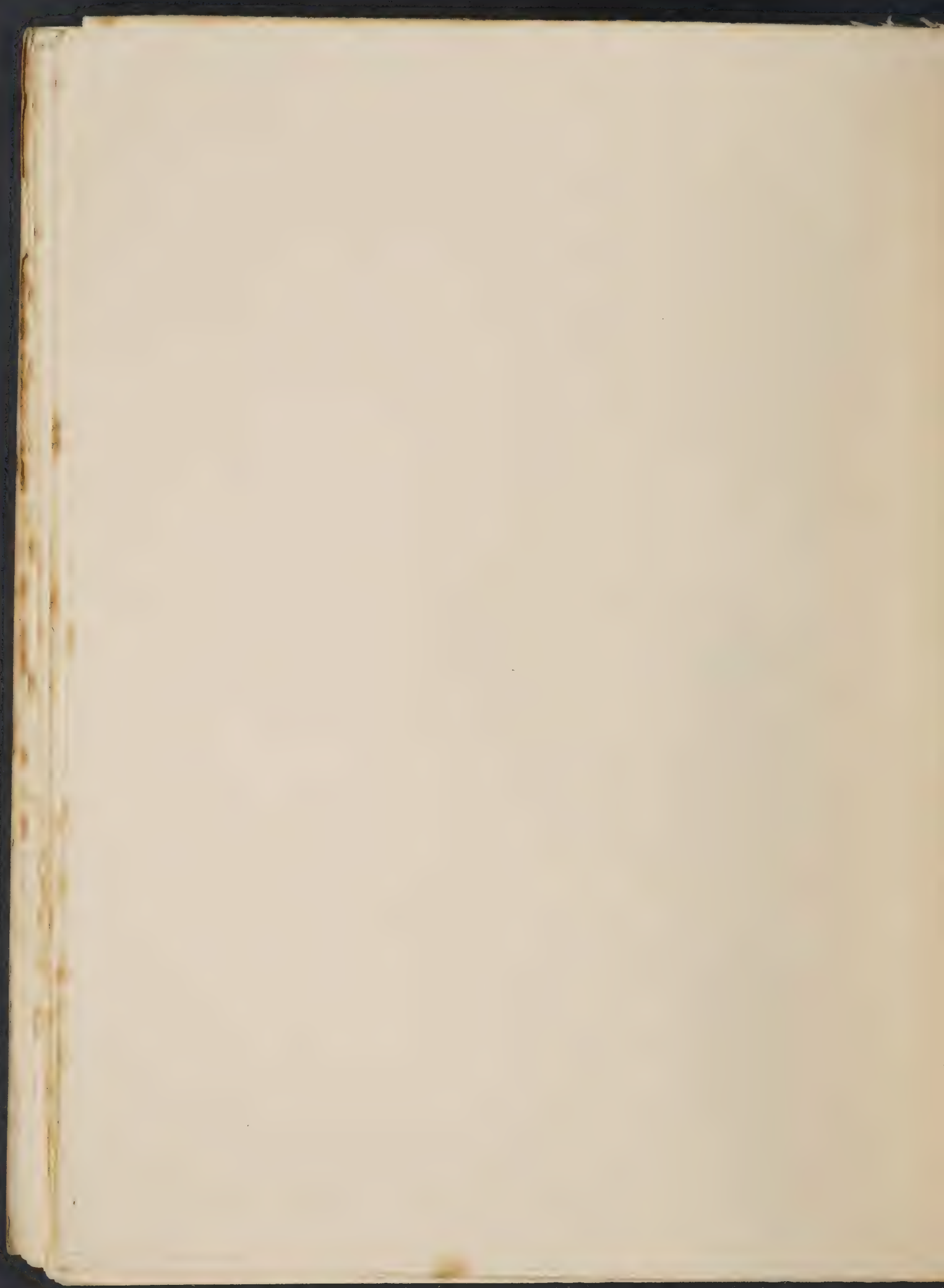
T H E
COMPLAINT OF POETRIE
FOR THE
DEATH OF LIBERALITIE.

Vivit post funera virtus.



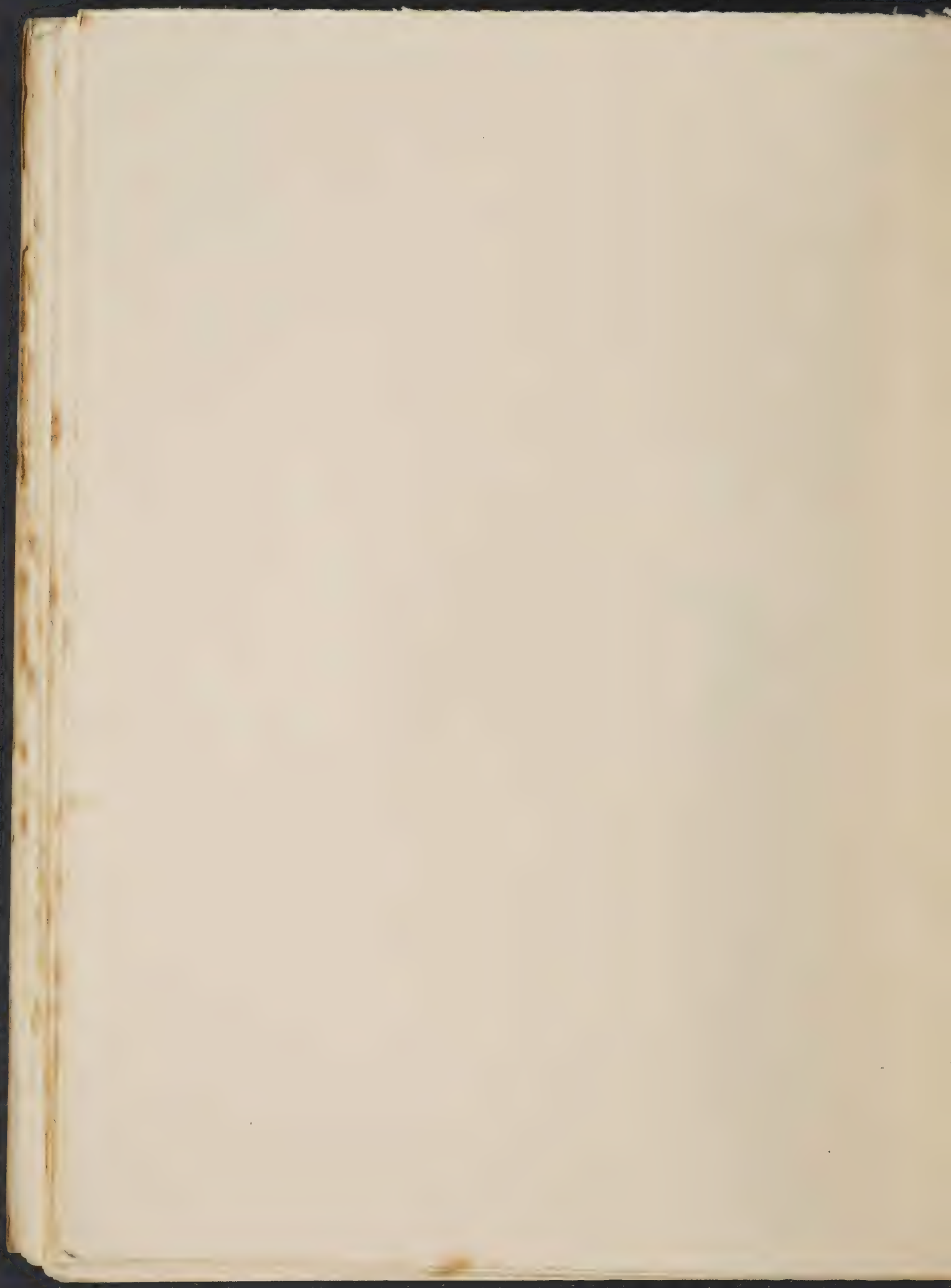
L O N D O N,
Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be folde
at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.



TO HIS WORSHIPFULL WEL-WILLER,
MAISTER EDWARD LEIGH,
OF GRAYES INNE.

IMAGE of that whose losse is here lamented
(In whom so many vertues are contained),
Daine to accept what I have now presented.
Though Bounties death herein be only fained,
If in your mind she not revive (with speed),
Then will I sweare that shee is dead indeed.



THE COMPLAINT OF POETRIE FOR THE
DEATH OF LIBERALITIE.

—o—

WEEPE Heavens now, for you have lost your light ;
Ye Sunne and Moone, beare witnesse of my mone :
The cleere is turnd to clouds, the day to night,
And all my hope, and all my joy is gone.
Bounty is dead, the cause of my annoy,
Bounty is dead, and with her dide my joy !

O ! who can comfort my afflicted soule,
Or adde some ende to my increasing forrowes ?
Who can deliver me from endlesse dole,
(Which from my hart eternall torment borrowes ?)
When Bounty liv'd, I bore the bell away ;
When Bounty dide, my credit did decay.

I never then did write one verse in vaine,
Nor ever went my Poems unregarded :
Then did each noble brest me intertaine,
And for my labours I was well rewarded :
But now *Good Wordes* are slept in Bounties place,
Thinking thereby her glorie to disgrace.

But who can live with words in these hard tymes,
(Although they came from Jupiter himfelfe ?)
Or who can take such paiment for his rymes,

(When nothing now is so esteem'd as pelfe ?)
 Tis not *Good Wordes* that can a man maintaine :
 Wordes are but winde, and winde is all but vaine.

Where is Mecænas, learnings noble patron,
 (That Maroes Muse with bountie so did cherish ?)
 Or faire Zenobia, that worthy matron,
 (Whose name for learnings love shall never perish ?)
 What tho their bodies lie full lowe in grave,
 Their fames the worlde, their foules the Heavens have.

Vile Avaricia ! how hast thou inchaunted
 The noble mindes of great and mightie men ?
 Or what infernall furie late hath haunted
 Their niggard purfes ? (to the learned pen).
 Was it Augustus wealth, or noble minde,
 That everlasting fame to him affinde ?

If wealth, why Cræsus was more rich then hee ;
 (Yet Cræsus glorie with his life did end) ;
 It was his noble minde that moved mee
 To write his praise, and eeke his acts commend.
 Who ere had heard of Alexanders fame,
 If Quintus Curtius had not pend the fame ?

Then, sith by mee their deedes have been declared,
 (Which else had perisht with their lives decay)
 Who to augment their glories have not spared
 To crowne their browes with never-fading Bay,
 What art deserves such Liberalitie,
 As doth the peerlesse Art of Poetrie ?

But Liberalitie is dead and gone,
And Avarice usurps true Bounties feat :
For her it is I make this endlesse mone
(Whose praises worth no pen can well repeat.)
Sweet Liberalitie, adiew for ever,
For Poetrie againe shall see thee never !

Never againe shall I thy presence see ;
Never againe shall I thy bountie tast ;
Never againe shall I accepted bee ;
Never againe shall I be so embrac't :
Never againe shall I the bad recall :
Never againe shall I be lov'd of all !

Thou wast the Nurse whose bountie gave me sucke ;
Thou wast the Sunne whose beames did lend me light ;
Thou wast the Tree whose fruit I still did plucke ;
Thou wast the Patron to maintaine my right :
Through thee I liv'd, on thee I did relie,
In thee I joy'd, and now for thee I die.

What man hath lately lost a faithfull frend,
Or husband is deprived of his wife,
But doth in after-daies in dolour spend,
(Leading a loathsome discontented life ?)
Dearer then friend, or wife, have I forgone ;
Then, marvell not although I make such mone.

Faire Philomela, cease thy sad complaint,
And lend thine eares unto my dolefull ditty ;
(Whose soule with sorrowe now begins to faint,

And yet I cannot move mens hearts to pittie :)
Thy woes are light compared unto mine.
You waterie Nymphes, to mee your plaints resigne.

And thou, Melpomene, (the Muse of Death)
That never sing'st but in a dolefull straine,
Sith cruell Destinie hath stopt her breath,
(Who, whilst she liv'd, was Vertues soveraigne)
Leave Hellicon, (whose bankes so pleasant bee)
And beare a part of sorrowe now with mee.

The trees (for sorrowe) shew their fading leaves,
And weepe out gum in stead of other teares :
Comfort nor joy no creature now conceives ;
To chirpe and sing each little bird forbears.
The fillie sheepe hangs downe his drooping head,
And all because that Bounty she is dead.

The greater that I feele my griefe to bee,
The lesse able am I to expresse it :
Such is the nature of extremetie,
The heart it som-thing eases to confesse it :
Therefore Ile wake my muse, amidst her sleeping,
And what I want in wordes supplie with weeping.

Weepe still, mine eies, a river full of teares
To drowne my sorrowe in that so molests me,
And rid my head of cares, my thoughts of feares,
Exiling sweet Content that so detests me.
But ah (alas !) my teares are almost dun,
And yet my griefe it is but new begun.

Even as the Sunne when as it leaves our fight
Doth shine with those Antipodes beneath us,
Lending the other worlde her glorious light,
And dismall darknesse onely doeth bequeath us,
Even so, sweet Bountie, seeming dead to mee,
Lives now to none but smooth-tongd Flatterie.

O Adulation! canker-worme of Truth,
The flattring glasse of Pride and self-conceit,
(Making olde wrinckled Age appeare like youth)
Diffimulations maske and follies beate,
Pitty it is that thou art so rewarded,
Whilst Truth and Honestie goe unregarded.

O, that Nobilitie it selfe should staine
In being bountifull to such vile creatures!
Who, when they flatter most, then most they faine,
Knowing what humor best will fit their natures.
What man so mad that knowes himselfe but pore,
And will beleewe that he hath riches store.

Upon a time the craftie Foxe did flatter
The foolish Pye (whose mouth was full of meate).
The Pye, beleeving him, began to chatter,
And sing for joy (not having list to eate),
And whilst the foolish Pye her meate let fall,
The craftie Foxe did runne awaie with all.

Terence describeth under Gnatoes name
The right conditions of a ParasYTE,
(And with such eloquence sets forth the same,

As doeth the learned reader much delyght),
 Shewing that such a fycophant as Gnato
 Is more esteem'd, then twentie such as Plato.

Bounty, looke backe upon thy goods mispent,
 And thinke how ill thou hast bestowd thy mony:
 Confider not their wordes, but their intent;
 Their hearts are gall, although their tongues be hony.
 They speake not as they thinke, but all is fained,
 And onely to th' intent to be maintained.

And herein happie I areade the poore:
 No flattrng spanyels fawne on them for meate.
 The reason is because the countrey Boore
 Hath little enough for himselfe to eate:
 No man will flatter him, except himselfe,
 And why? because he hath no store of wealth.

But, fure, it is not Liberalitie
 That doeth reward these fawning smel-feasts so:
 It is the vice of Prodigalitie
 That doeth the bankes of Bounty over-flo.
 Bounty is dead! yea, so it needes must bee,
 Or if alive, yet is shee dead to mee.

Therefore, as one whose friend is lately dead,
 I will bewaile the death of my deere frend;
 Upon whose tombe ten thousand teares Ile fhead,
 Till drearie Death of mee shall make an end:
 Or if she want a toombe to her defart,
 Oh, then, Ile burie her within my hart!

But (Bounty) if thou love a tombe of stone,
Oh, then seeke out a hard and stonie hart !
For were mine so, yet would it melt with mone,
And all because that I with thee must part.

Then, if a stonie hart must thee interr,
Goe, finde a Step-dame, or a Ufurer.

And sith there dies no wight of great account,
But hath an Epitaph compos'd by mee,
Bounty, that did all other far surmount,
Upon her Tombe this Epitaph shall be :

*Here lies the Wight that learning did maintaine,
And, at the last, by AVARICE was slaine.*

Vile Avarice ! why hast thou kildd my Deare,
And robd the world of such a worthy treasure ?
In whome no sparke of goodnesse doth appeare,
So greedie is thy mind, without all measure.

Thy death from Death did merit to release her :
The Murtherers deserv'd to die, not Cæsar.

The Merchants wife, the tender-harted mother,
That leaves her love whose sonne is prest for warre,
(Resting the one as woefull as the other)
Hopes yet at length, when ended is the jarre,
To see her Husband, see her Sonne againe :
Were it not then for Hope, the hart were flaine.

But I, whose hope is turned to despaire,
Nere looke to see my dearest Deare againe :
Then, Pleasure, sit thou downe in Sorrowes chaire,

And (for a while) the wonted mirth refraine.
Bounty is dead, that whylome was my treasure :
Bounty is dead, my joy and onely pleasure !

If Pythias death of Damon were bewailed,
Or Pillades did rue Orestes ende :
If Hercules for Hylas losse were quailed,
Or Theseus for Perythous teares did spend,
Then doe I mourne for Bounty being dead,
Who living was my hand, my hart, my head.

My hand to helpe mee in my greatest need,
My hart to comfort mee in my distresse ;
My head whom onely I obeyd, indeed :
If she were such how can my grieve be lesse ?
Perhaps my wordes may pierce the Parcae's eares :
If not with wordes, Ile move them with my teares.

But ah (alas !) my teares are spent in vaine,
(For she is dead, and I am left alive)
Teares cannot call sweet Bounty backe againe :
Then why doe I gainst Fate and Fortune strive ?
And for her death thus weepe, lament and crie,
Sith every mortall wight is borne to die ?

But as the woefull mother doeth lament
Her tender babe with cruell death opprest,
Whose life was spotlesse, pure and innocent,
(And therefore, fure, it soule is gone to rest)
So Bountie which her selfe did upright keepe,
Yet for her losse love cannot chuse but weepe.

The losse of her is losse to many a one :
The losse of her is losse unto the poore ;
And therefore not a losse to mee alone,
But unto such as goe from doore to doore.
Her losse is losse unto the fatherlesse,
And unto all that are in great distresse.

The maimed Souldier comming from the warre,
The woefull wight whose house was lately burnd,
The fillie soule, the wofull traveylar,
And all whom Fortune at her feet hath spurnd,
Lament the losse of Liberalitie :
Its ease to have in grieve some companie.

The Wife of Hector (sad Andromache)
Did not bewaile her husbands death alone ;
But (sith he was the Trojans onely stay)
The wives of Troy (for him) made æquall mone :
Shee shead the teares of love, and they of pittie ;
Shee for her deare dead Lord, they for their Cittie.

Nor is the death of Liberalitie,
(Although my grieve be greater than the rest)
Onely lamented and bewaild of mee,
(And yet of mee she was beloved best)
But sith she was so bountifull to all,
She is lamented both of great and small.

O ! that my teares could move the powres divine,
That Bountie might be called from the dead,
As pittie pierc'd the hart of Proserpine,

Who (moved with the teares Admetus shead)
 Did fende him backe againe his loving wife;
 Who lost her owne to save her husbands life.

Impartiall Parcae, will no prayers move you?
 Can creatures so divine have stony harts?
 Haplesse are they whose hap it is to prove you,
 For you respect no creatures good defarts.
 O Atropos! (the cruellst of the three)
 Why hast thou tane my faithfull friend from mee?

But ah! she cannot (or she will not) heare me;
 Or if she doo, yet may she not repent her.
 Then come (sweet Death) O! why doest thou forbear me?
 Aye mee! thy dart is blunt; it will not enter.
 Oh! now I know the cause, and reason why:
 I am immortall, and I cannot dye.

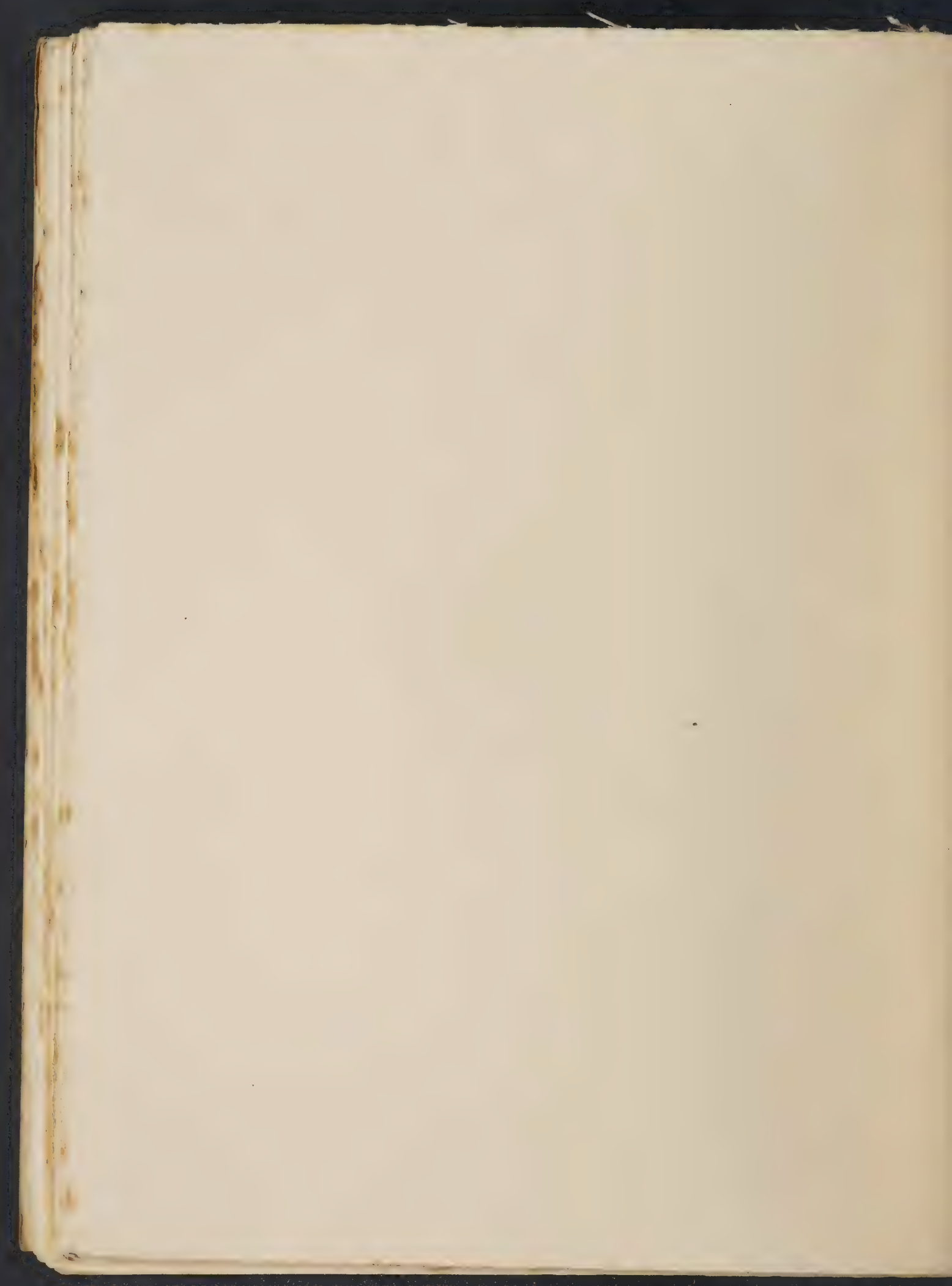
So Cytheroea would have dide, but could not,
 When faire Adonis by her side lay flaine:
 So I desire the Sisters what I should not,
 For why (alas!) I wish for death in vaine.
 Death is their servant and obeys their will,
 And if they bid him spare, he cannot kill.

O! would I were as other creatures are,
 Then would I die, and so my grieve were ended;
 But Death (against my will) my life doeth spare,
 (So little with the Fates I am befrended):
 Sith when I would thou doost my fute denie.
 Vile Tyrant! when thou wilt, I will not die.

And Bounty, though her body thou hast slaine,
Yet shall her memorie remaine for ever :
For ever shall her memorie remaine,
Whereof no spitefull Fortune can bereave her.

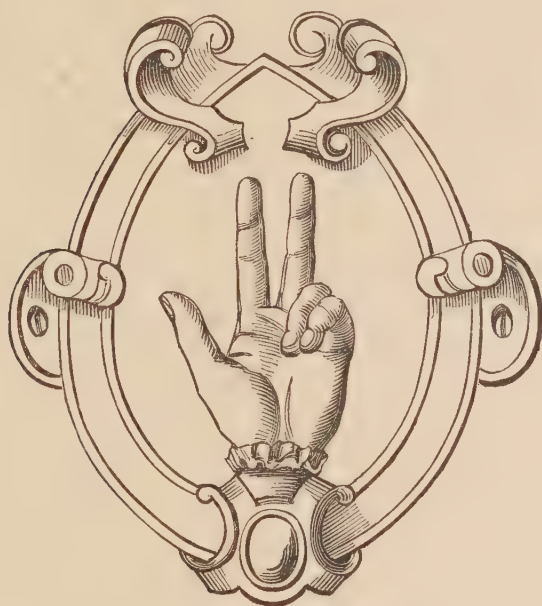
Then, Sorrowe cease, and wipe thy weeping eye,
For Fame shall live when all the World shall dye.

FINIS.



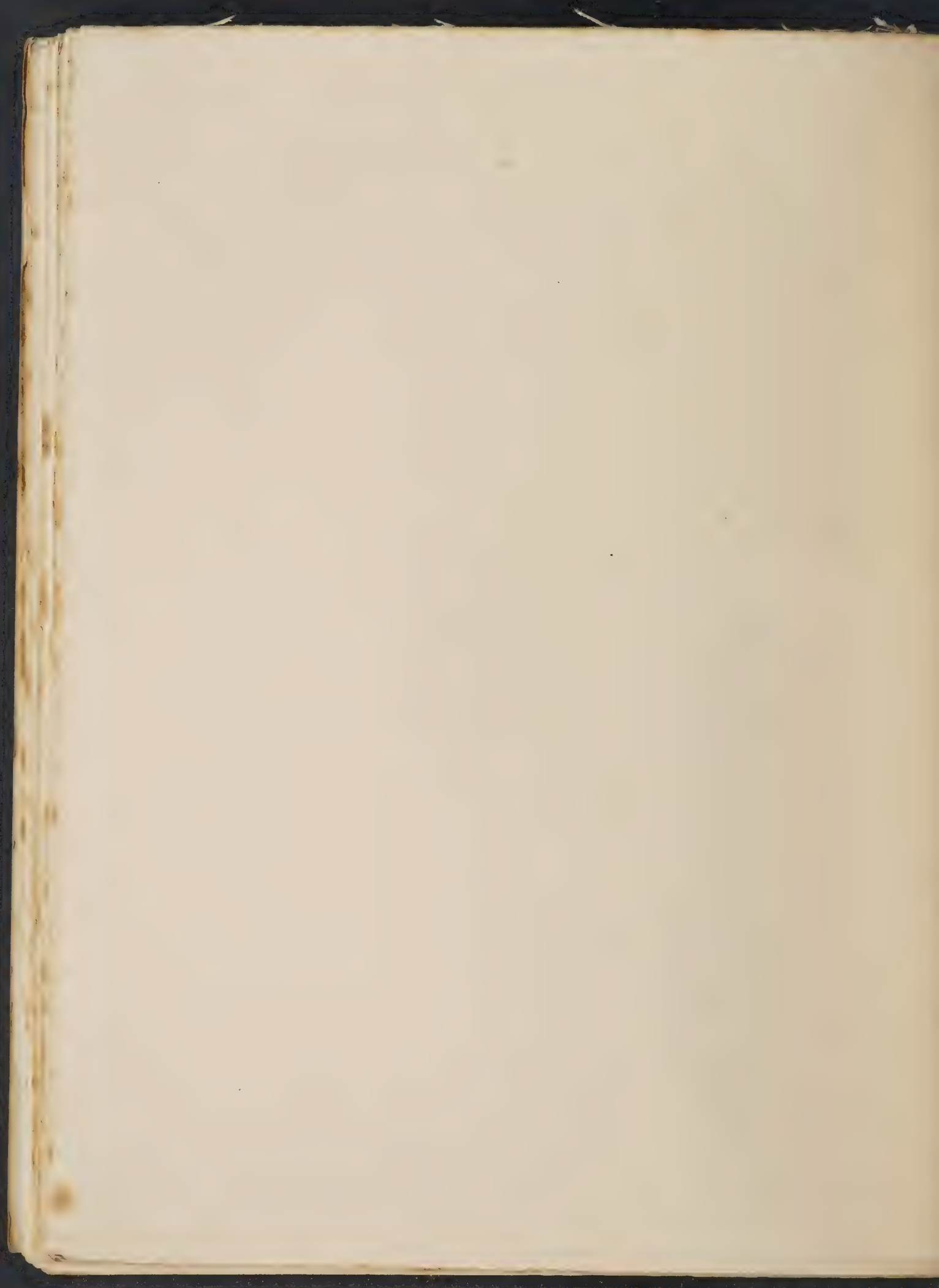
T H E
COMBAT BETWEENE
CONSCIENCE AND COVETOUSNESSE
IN THE MINDE OF MAN.

————— *quid non mortalia pectora cogis*
Auri sacra fames ? VIRGIL.



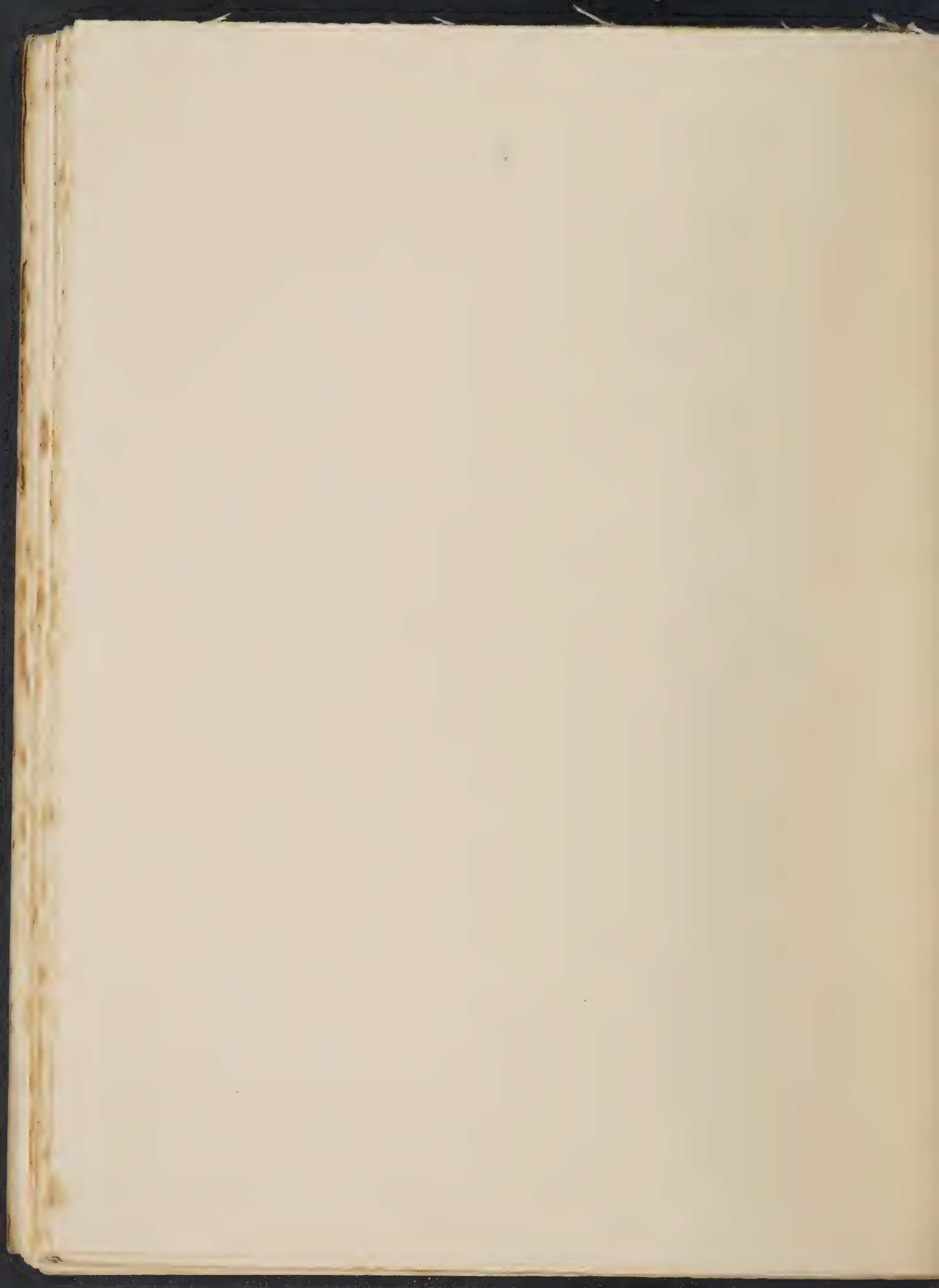
L O N D O N,
Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be folde
at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.



TO HIS WORSHIPFULL GOOD FRIEND,
MAISTER JOHN STEVENTON,
OF DOTHILL, IN THE COUNTY OF SALOP, ESQUIRE.

SITH Conscience (long since) is exilde the Citty,
O, let her in the Countrey finde some pittie!
But if she be exilde the Countrey too,
O let her finde some favour yet of you!



THE COMBAT BETWEENE CONSCIENCE AND
COVETOUSNESSE IN THE MIND
OF MAN.

NOW had the cole-blacke steedes of pitchie Night
(Breathing out darknesse) banisht cheerfull light,
And sleepe (the shaddowe of eternall rest)
My severall senses wholly had possesst,
When loe ! there was presented to my view
A vision strange, yet not so strange as true.
Conscience (me thought) appeared unto mee,
Cloth'd in good Deedes, with Trueth and Honestie ;
Her countenance demure and sober sad,
Nor any other ornament shee had.
Then Covetousnesse did encounter her,
Clad in a cassock, lyke a Ufurer :
The cassock it was made of poore-mens skinner,
Lac'd here and there with many severall sinnes ;
Nor was it fur'd with any common furre,
Or, if it were, himselfe hee was the *fur*.
A bag of money in his hande he helde,
The which with hungry eie he still behelde.
The place wherein this vision first began,
(A spacious plaine) was cald *The Minde of Man*.
The Carle no sooner Conscience had espyde,
But, swelling lyke a toade (pufft up with pryde)
He straight began against her to invey :
These were the wordes which Covertise did sey.

Conscience (quoth hee), how dar'st thou bee so bold
 To claime the place that I by right doe hold ?
 Neither by right nor might thou canst obtaine it :
 By might (thou knowst full well) thou canst not gaine it.
 The greatest Princes are my followars,
 The King in peace, the Captaine in the warres ;
 The Courtier, and the simple Countreyman,
 The Judge, the Merchant, and the Gentleman ;
 The learned Lawyer, and the Politician,
 The skilfull Surgeon, and the fine Physician :
 In briefe, all sortes of men mee entertaine,
 And hold mee as their foules sole soveraigne ;
 And in my quarrell they will fight and die,
 Rather than I should suffer injurie.
 And as for title, interest, and right,
 Ile prove its mine by that, as well as might.
 Though Covetousnesse were used long before,
 Yet Judas treason made my fame the more :
 When Christ he caused crucifyde to bee
 For thirtie pence, man solde his minde to mee :
 And now adaies, what tenure is more free
 Then that which purchas'd is with gold and fee ?

CONSCIENCE.

With patience have I heard thy large complaint,
 Wherein the Divell would be thought a saint :
 But wot ye what ? the saying is of olde,
 One tale is good untill anothers tolde.
 Truth is the right that I must stand upon
 (For other title hath poore Conscience none).
 First, I will prove it by Antiquitie,
 That thou art but an up-start unto mee :

Before that thou wast ever thought upon,
The Minde of Man belongd to mee alone.
For after that the Lord had man created,
And him in bliffefull Paradife had feated,
(Knowing his nature was to vice inclynde)
God gave me unto man to rule his mynde,
And, as it were, his governour to bee,
To guide his minde in trueth and honestie.
And where thou sayst that man did sell his foule,
That argument I quicklie can controule :
It is a fayned fable thou doost tell ;
That which is not his owne he cannot sell.
No man can sell his foule, altho he thought it :
Mans foule is Christs, for hee hath dearely bought it.
Therefore, usurping Covetise, be gone ;
For why, the minde belongs to mee alone.

COVETOUSNESSE.

Alas, poore Conscience, how art thou deceav'd !
As though of senses thou wert quite bereavd.
What wilt thou say (that thinkest thou canst not erre)
If I can prove my selfe the ancients ?
Though into Adams minde God did infuse thee
Before his fall, yet man did never use thee.
What was it else but Avarice in Eve
(Thinking thereby in greater blisse to live)
That made her taste of the forbidden fruite ?
Of her desier was not I the roote ?
Did she not covet (tempted by the Devill)
The Apple of the Tree of good and evill ?
Before man used Conscience she did covet.
Therefore, by her transgression here I prove it,

That Covetousnesse possesse the minde of man,
Before that any Conscience began.

CONSCIENCE.

Even as a counterfeited precious stone
Seemes to bee far more rich to looke upon
Then doeth the right: but when a man comes neere,
His basenesse then doeth evident appeere,
So, Covetise, the reasons thou doost tell
Seeme to be strong; but being weighed well,
They are, indeed, but onely meere illusions,
And doe inforce but very weake conclusions.
When as the Lord (fore-knowing his offence)
Had given man a charge of abstinence,
And to refraine the fruite of good and ill,
Man had a Conscience to obey his will;
And never would be tempted thereunto
Untill the Woeman shee did work *man woe*,
And made him breake the Lords Commaundement,
Which all mankinde did afterward repent.
So that thou seeest thy argument is vaine,
And I am prov'd the elder of the twaine.

COVETOUSNESSE.

Fond wretch! it was not Conscience, but feare
That made the first man (Adam) to forbear
To test the fruite of the forbidden tree,
Lest, if offending he were found to bee,
(According as Jehovah saide on hye)
For his so great transgression hee should dye.
Feare curbd his minde: it was not Conscience then,
(For Conscience freely rules the harts of men)
And is a godly motion of the mynde,

To everie vertuous action inclynde,
And not enforc'd through feare of punishment,
But is to vertue voluntary bent.
Then (simple trul) be packing preffentlie,
For in this place there is no roome for thee.

CONSCIENCE.

Aye mee! (distressed wight) what shall I doe?
Where shall I rest? Or whither shall I goe?
Unto the rich? (woes mee!) they doe abhor mee:
Unto the poore? (alas!) they care not for me.
Unto the Olde-man? hee hath mee forgot:
Unto the Young-man? yet hee knowes me not.
Unto the Prince? hee can dispence with mee:
Unto the Magistrate? that may not bee.
Unto the Court? for it I am too base:
Unto the Countrey? there I have no place:
Unto the Citty? thence I am exilde:
Unto the Village? there I am revilde.
Unto the Barre? the Lawyer there is bribed:
Unto the Warre? there Conscience is derided.
Unto the Temple? there I am disguised:
Unto the Market? there I am despised.
Thus, both the young, the olde, the rich and poore,
Against mee (filly Creature) shut their doore.
Then, sith each one seekes my rebuke and shame,
Ile goe againe to Heaven (from whence I came).

This faide, (me thought) making exceeding mone,
She went her way, and left the Carle alone;
Who, vaunting of his late-got victorie,
Advaunc'd himself in pompe and majestie.
Much like a cocke who, having kild his foe,

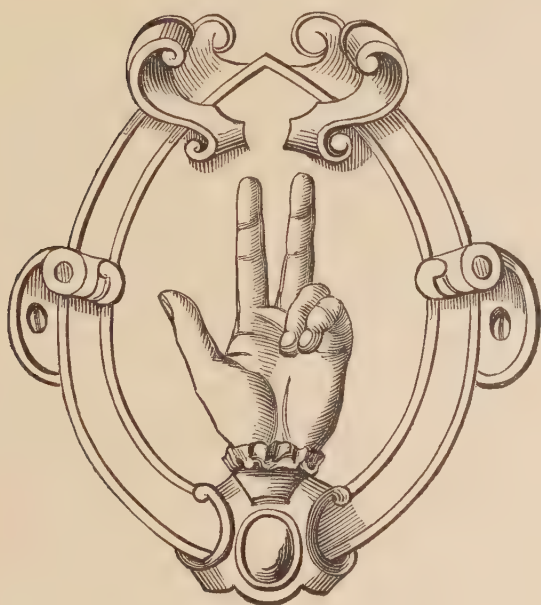
Brisks up himfelfe, and then begins to crow.
So Covetife, when Confcience was departed,
Gan to be proud in minde and hauty harted ;
And in a ftately chayre of ftate he fet him,
For (Confcience banifht) there was none to let him :
And being but one entrie to this plaine,
(Whereof as King and Lord he did remaine)
Repentance cald, he caufd that to be kept,
Left Confcience fhould returne, whilft as he fleep.
Wherefore he caufd it to be wacht and warded
Both night and day, and to be ftroingly guarded.
To keepe it fafe thefe three he did intreat,
Hardneffe of hart, Falshood and Deceat.
And if at any time fhe chaunc'd to venter,
Hardneffe of hart denide her ftill to enter.

When Confcience was exilde the Minde of Man,
Then Covetife his government began :
This once being feene, what I had feene before,
(Being onely feene in fleepe) was feene no more ;
For with the forrowe which my foule did take
At fight hereof, foorthwith I did awake.

FINIS.

POEMS:
IN DIVERS HUMORS.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas. VIRGIL.



L O N D O N,

Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be folde
at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.

TO THE
LEARNED AND ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN,
MAISTER NICHOLAS BLACKLEECH,
OF GRAYES INNE.

TO you, that know the tuch of true conceat,
(Whose many gifts I neede not to repeat)
I write these lines, fruits of unriper yeares ;
Wherein my Muse no harder censure feares,
Hoping in gentle worth you will them take,
Not for the gift, but for the givers fake.

SONNET I.

TO HIS FRIEND MAISTER R. L. IN PRAISE OF MUSIQUE
AND POETRIE.

IF Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needes (the Sifter and the Brother)
Then must the Love be great, twixt thee and mee,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is deare ; whose heavenly tuch
Upon the Lute doeth ravish humane sense :
Spenser to mee ; whose deepe Conceit is such,
As, passing all Conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lov'st to heare the sweete melodious sound,
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Musique) makes :
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.

One God is God of Both (as Poets faigne)
One Knight loves Both, and Both in thee remaine.

SONNET II.

AGAINST THE DISPRAYERS OF POETRIE.

CHAUCER is dead, and Gower lyes in grave,
The Earle of Surrey long agoe is gone ;
Sir Philip Sidneis foule the Heavens have ;
George Gascoigne him before was tomb'd in stone.
Yet tho their bodies lye full low in ground,

(As every thing must dye that earst was borne)
 Their living fame no Fortune can confound,
 Nor ever shall their labours be forlorne.

And you that discommend sweete Poetrie,
 (So that the subject of the fame be good)
 Here may you see your fond simplicitie,
 Sith Kings have favord it, of royall blood.

The King of Scots (now living) is a Poet,
 As his *Lepanto* and his *Furies* shew it.

A REMEMBRANCE OF SOME ENGLISH POETS.

LIVE Spenser ever in thy *Fairy Queene*,
 Whose like (for deepe conceit) was never seene ;
 Crownd mayst thou bee, unto thy more renowne,
 (As King of Poets) with a Lawrell Crowne.

And Daniell, praised for thy sweet-chast verse,
 Whose Fame is grav'd on Rosamonds blacke herse,
 Still mayst thou live ; and still be honored
 For that rare worke, *The White Rose and the Red.*

And Drayton, whose wel-written Tragedies,
 And sweete Epistles, soare thy fame to skies ;
 Thy learned name is æquall with the rest,
 Whose stately numbers are so well addrest.

And Shakespeare thou, whose hony-flowing vaine
 (Pleasing the world) thy praises doth containe ;
 Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste)
 Thy name in fames immortall booke have plac't,
 Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever :
 Well may the bodye dye, but Fame die never.

AN ODE.

As it fell upon a Day,
In the merrie Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of Myrtles made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing;
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring :
Every thing did banish mone,
Save the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her Breast up-till a Thorne ;
And there sung the dolefulst Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru, teru, by and by :
That to heare her so complaine,
Scarce I could from Teares refraine ;
For her griefes so lively showne,
Made me thinke upon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine ;
None takes Pitty on thy paine :
Senselesse Trees, they cannot heere thee ;
Ruthlesse Beares, they wil not cheer thee.
King *Pandion*, hee is dead :
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe singe,
Carelesse of thy forrowing.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
Thou and I, were both beguilde.
Everie one that flatters thee

Is no friend in miserie :
Words are easie, like the winde ;
Faithfull friends are hard to finde :
Everie man will bee thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :
But if store of Crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull, they will him call :
And with such-like flattering,
Pitty but hee were a King.
If he bee adict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Woemen hee be bent,
They have at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne :
They that fawnd on him before,
Use his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeed,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede :
If thou forrowe, hee will weepe ;
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe :
Thus of everie grieve, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a Part.
These are certaine Signes to knowe
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.

WRITTEN, AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN, UNDER
A GENTLEWOMANS PICTURE.

EVEN as Apelles could not paint Campaspes face aright,
Becaufe Campaspes fun-bright eyes did dimme Apelles
fight,
Even so, amazed at her fight, her fight all fights excelling,
Like Nyobe, the Painter stoode, her fight his fight expelling.
Thus Art and Nature did contend who should the Victor
bee,
Till Art by Nature was supprest, as all the worlde may see.

AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,
KNIGHT: LORD-GOVERNOUR OF VLISSING.

THAT England lost, that learning lov'd, that every mouth
commended,
That fame did prayse, that prince did rayse, that countrey
so defended,
Here lyes the man: like to the swan, who knowing shee
shall die,
Doeth tune her voice unto the spheares, and scornes mor-
talitie.
Two worthie Earls his uncles were; a Lady was his mother;
A knight his father, and himselfe a noble Countesse brother.
Belov'd, bewaild; alive, now dead; of all, with teares for
ever;

Here lyes Sir Philip Sidneis corps, whom cruell death did
 fever.
 He liv'd for her, hee dyde for her ; for whom he dyde, he
 lived :
 O graunt (O God !) that wee of her may never bee deprived !

AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEATH OF HIS AUNT,
 MISTRESSE ELIZABETH SKRYMSHER.

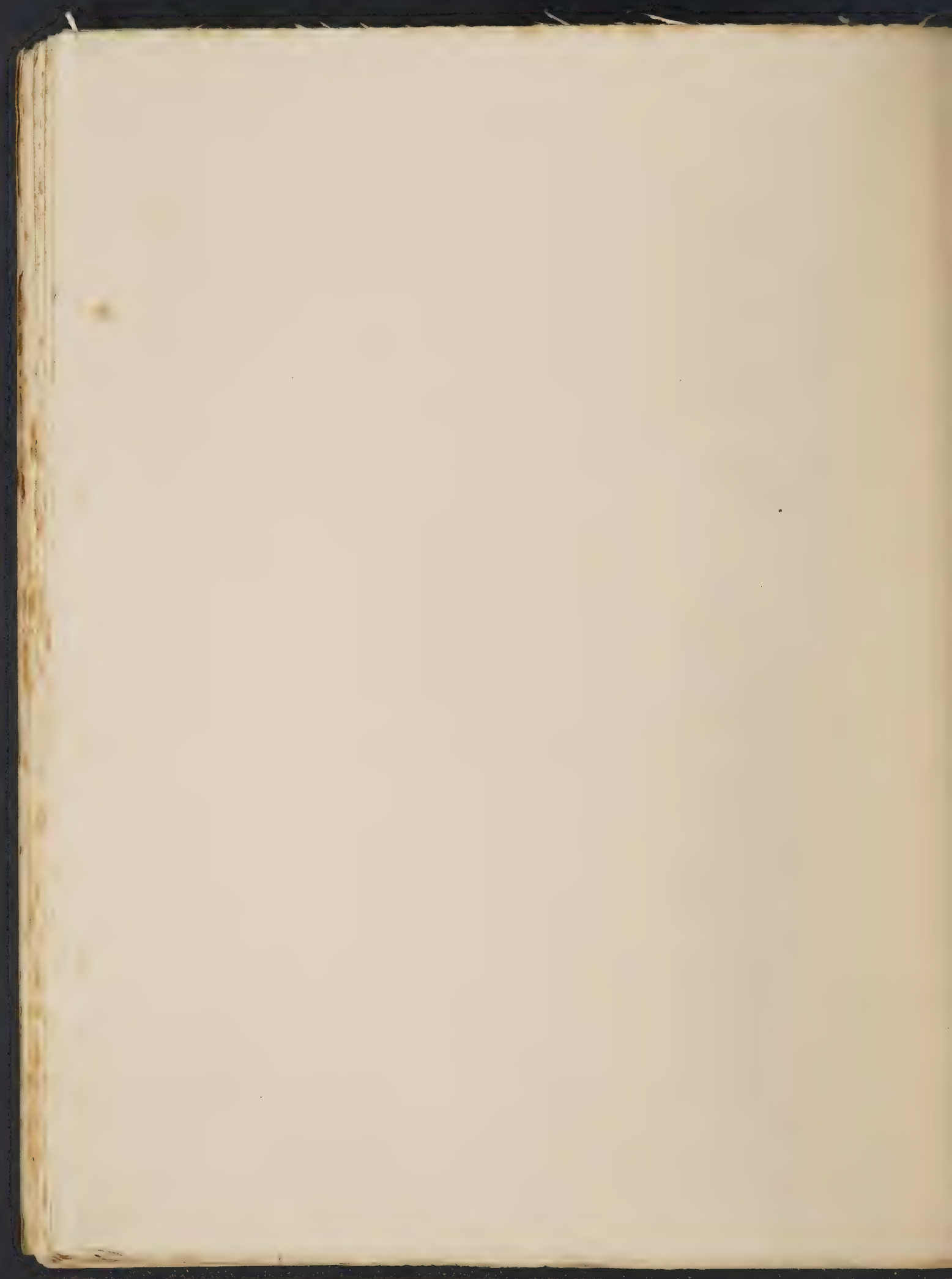
LOE ! here beholde the certaine ende of every living wight :
 No creature is secure from death, for death will have his
 right.
 He spareth none : both rich and poore, both young and
 olde must die,
 So fraile is flesh, so short is life, so sure mortalitie.
 When first the bodye lives to life, the foule first dies to
 finne,
 And they that loose this earthly life a heavenly life shall
 winne,
 If they live well : as well she liv'd that lyeth under heere,
 Whose vertuous life to all the worlde most plainly did
 appeere.
 Good to the poore, friend to the rich, and foe to no degree,
 A president of modest life and peerlesse chaftitie.
 Who loving more, who more belov'd of everie honest
 mynde ?
 Who more to hospitalitie and clemencie inclinde,
 Then she ? that, being buried here, lyes wrapt in earth
 below ;

From whence wee came, to whom wee must, and bee, as
 thee is now,
A clodd of clay : though her pure foule in endlesse blisse
 doeth rest,
Joying all joy, the place of peace prepared for the blest :
Where holy Angels sit and sing before the King of kings,
Not mynding worldly vanities, but onely heavenly things.
Unto which joy, unto which blisse, unto which place of
 pleasure,
God graunt that we may come at last, t' enjoy that hea-
 venly treasure ;
Which to obtaine to live as thee hath done let us endeavor,
That wee may live with Christ himselfe (above) that lives
 for ever.

A COMPARISON OF THE LIFE OF MAN.

MANS life is well compared to a feast,
Furnisht with choice of all varietie :
To it comes Tyme ; and, as a bidden guesst,
Hee sets him downe in pompe and majestie ;
The three-folde Age of Man the waiters bee :
 Then, with an earthen voyder (made of clay)
 Comes Death, & takes the table clean away.

FINIS.



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